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Conducting from Memory.—A Score!

(By Dr. FERDINAND HILLER.)

"He conducts from memory," I read, last winter, in some notice or other of the performance of some symphony or other by Beethoven, under the direction of some conductor or other. Where? Which? Who? That does not affect the fact, only the thing is not done, or, if it is, only when a man conducts so as an exception, and exclusively compositions of his own choosing. If he is regularly and constantly employed as a conductor, the thing is, generally speaking, an impossibility. Is there any musician who, leaving opera out of the question, could learn by heart, or undertake to do so as occasion required, the oratorios from Bach to Schumann, the symphonies from J. Haydn to Niels W. Gade, and the overtures, suites, and serenades which adorn our concert programmes? I hardly think so.—It is true that we meet with men of exceptionally gifted organizations, like Herbeck, in Vienna, who himself told me that the score of any composition with which he had to do was, as it were, photographed, page by page, in his memory. But, even in his case, this was only for a certain time. Though a prodigy like Dase may possess the power of retaining and combining Heaven knows how many figures, no mathematician will seek to gain a reputation for being able to perform his calculations without material signs.

The virtuoso who can execute his solos without music, is right to do so. The perfect command which he must, in every respect, exercise over his art finds a sort of visible expression in the fact of his playing from memory (though he frequently plays in a style that is simply mechanical). Who shall blame him for using any means, provided they be not inartistic, in order to bring out his special gift? The fact which tells most in his favor is that he requires no one to turn over the leaves for him. The sight of this passive activity, always performing its task clumsily, has something about it which disturbs and puts out both the performer and the auditor. If the non-assisting assistance is omitted, the fact of the music being called into requisition will no more affect our enjoyment than did the fact of Tieck or Edouard Devrient's opening his *Shakespeare* before him at his never-to-be-forgotten lectures, produce a disagreeable impression upon us. After hearing a beautiful stringed-quartet, has any one ever regretted that the ex-citants were seated before a desk loaded with music? On the contrary, the feeling of security hereby engendered exercises a kind of confidential charm, and promotes calm, undivided, attention to the work of art, which is always the principal thing, or—ought to be. But, even for the virtuoso, the case assumes a very different shape, when he plays compositions with accompaniment of other instruments, or with the orchestra. Here too great an assurance in his own infallibility may easily lead him to underrate those engaged with him. Old Molière was right. One day as a celebrated pianist sat down, without her music, at the piano, to perform in a concerto he had undertaken to direct, he burst out into the ever-memorable Anglo-Swabian words: "I do not do dis! If you make a mistake, it is *we* who shall be blamed." How easily the little demon who presides over the memory may make a slip is known to the best of us, and however quickly he may pick himself up again—it is too late. A correction, such as is allowable in speech, in order to express a thought properly, would, in a musical performance, simply render matters worse. The tonal thought must, above all things, be given with the greatest exactitude and utmost fluency, under pain of death—to the thought, of course!

But how is it in conducting? Will the absence of desk and score in any way contribute to enhance the effect of a composition? Not in the remotest degree. The only thing is that his apparent virtuosity will increase the personal importance of the conductor in the eyes of the public—a circumstance not advantageous to the work—and tend to the glorification of Mr. X or Mr. Z, which, after all, is the principal consideration with many. The best joke is that the process is not at all wonderful; that it really amounts to nothing. But it staggers the simple minded pub-

lic, who, under the circumstances, are perfectly incapable of forming a judgment. It would be very different if a man were called upon to play the piece from memory! It is indescribably more difficult to execute a Sonata by Beethoven from memory, than to direct one of his Symphonies so. It would certainly be different again with grand vocal works containing recitatives full of words, polyphonic choruses, and so on—but we are not talking of such works. For a man to be capable of conducting from memory instrumental compositions which he has never seen or heard, when all he has to do is to hold the orchestra together—there is absolutely nothing more required than to find out the tempo, and to keep an eye upon a friendly leader, supposing a fermata interrupts the progress of the work. The orchestra go on playing merrily from their parts—and with the final chord you leave off. Every only half-educated conductor in Germany would be capable of beating time without a score to the most important symphonies, and to some famous overtures. That one man can conduct them admirably from memory, while another, though he has the score, may break down is self-evident. But the conducting-from-memory business itself is a sort of exhibition on the slackrope, without the slightest importance.

A musical-director (a real one, and not a person merely bearing the title), is, like every one else in command, a necessary evil. Nay, even the musicians are so with regard to the work of art, which intellectually exists independently in a complete state, and which they are to help to embody, however ethically. But the director, and those freely subordinating themselves to him, have a higher object: that of presenting in the best light the musical picture confided to them. The more they disappear as individuals from before the audience, the better. Nothing is a greater mistake than for a conductor to assume the place of a virtuoso, and attempt to attract the attention of the public to himself personally, and to what he does. By their fruit shall ye know them. The conductor should remain concealed behind the performance of the orchestra, and therein find his best reward. Nor should he forget, or wish to make others forget, that he is in the service of one higher than he—even should it happen, as it sometimes does, that he himself is that one higher. But the symbol of this noble servitude is the open score. The conductor standing up with nothing before him, assumes an appearance of independence to which he has no claim—the apparent boldness of his action fascinates the deceived public, whom, under any circumstances, it is so difficult to prevail upon to devote themselves exclusively to any important task, and diverts their attention from what, in the eyes of a conductor, ought to be of more account than anything else.

But will not an orchestra follow with more than usual delight and confidence a man who has so made the work to be performed his own, that he hides the score? Just as little as a ship's crew would obey their captain with greater alacrity for finging his compass into the sea. When in sight of port, at the public performance, such a course may at a pinch be tolerated. But how is it, as long as we are tossed about upon the troubled sea of rehearsals?

If, at a performance, it is the business of a conductor to fill those he leads with that love for their laborious and self-sacrificing efforts which alone can render possible a real success, he has, at the preparatory trials, duties of an essentially different kind. As a most strict critic, he must do justice not only to the spirit animating the work as a whole, but to every one particular detail. To hold a rehearsal without a score is nothing more nor less than unpardonable. No one can so have mastered a composition as to feel certain that every little touch, no matter how small, is present to his mind; that at any passage, he is capable of calling on the orchestra for a repetition; of remarking instantaneously every little instance of dynamic inattention; and of extending a helping hand to every subordinate instrumentalist. The most vigorous energy, effective ardor, and overflowing enthusiasm, do not suffice without the utmost material perfection—without certainly no one can attain either strength or grace. With generally known, and widely circulated works,

and first rate resources, it is easier to reach the goal—but, under such circumstances, we must expect, on the other hand, the highest possible demands to be made upon us. Not only must the total conception be exhaustive—the most minute figure must be perfectly rendered. To effect this the aid of the score is necessary.

A score! It is one of the most marvellous creations of the human mind! This concentrated picture of the most delicate coöperation on the part of organs independent of each other, moving harmoniously together, and yet each one individually for itself, is something perfectly unique. If an architect could produce a picture giving the exterior view of every side of an edifice, and at the same time, presenting to the eye the entire internal arrangements, with every detail, he would be offering the uninitiated something similar to what the score presents to the musician. But he cannot do so. He must separate his creation into small parts, in order to make it clear, and even then, his drawings, in most cases at any rate, continue conventional in their nature. But the musician, when acting as conductor, enjoys the unparalleled delight of beholding the wondrous edifice, which exists before his hearing eye, arise as it were before him during the performance, perfect every moment, and yet increasing the moment afterwards! It disappears, it is true, into the sea of air, but it has known a magnificent existence—and so has the conductor with it.

The sight of the score offers, also, the conductor the picture of an ideal performance, side by side with that which strikes his ear, and which is more or less disfigured by earthly blemishes. Hence there arises a series of comparisons and tests, and a continuous stimulus to bring the reality nearer and nearer the Ideal, or, in plain words, to carry the excellence of the performance to the highest possible pitch. Whoever affirms that a work he has learnt stands out as plainly in his mind as in the score before him, deceives himself. It may do so in the grand whole, but not in every particular. The fact of having, in the case of the smallest passage which is not satisfactory, the object in question as plainly put before one as it is in the score is something not to be replaced by any natural gift, or any amount of study.

But the score does even more. It enables us to consider beforehand and prepare for what is coming next; it gives us the power of conceiving as the sounds die away what they will be as they swell up, and as they diminish in strength what they will be when they increase; of perceiving in the combined effect of all what is done by each component part. While it concentrates, the slightest material effort of the senses multiplies incalculably the activity of the human intellect. This is the case here, where, so to speak, one sees and hears at the same time the Present and the Future.

The object of my dithyrambic eulogy of the score is not to induce the leader in musical battles, who is well up in his work, to bury himself behind the said score. He may, at the performance, look in it as often or as seldom as he chooses—though he will do better to look on the score than on the public. If an amiable and genial artist like Rubinstein takes a pleasure in conducting one of Beethoven's symphonies by heart, and mentally sharing in the performance, he is certainly not to be attacked for it. But conducting without the score must not be regarded as a step in advance, as a more than ordinary feat—it must not be considered an effort of skill, always to be opposed, any more than as something attainable by genius alone.

However there is no danger of things going too far. If the public are really to be carried away by the conductor's memory, let them reserve their admiration till they see any one conduct Bach's *Passions-Musik* without the score. But even were such an act of daring successful, we should still be compelled to say: Acts of daring belong to the circus, and not the domain of art.—*London Musical World*.

MANNHEIM. According to a trustworthy source, Herr Carl Reiss is desirous of exchanging his post of conductor at Cassel for a similar one here.

*"I do not do dis! Denn wenn Sie sich irren, so sind wir blamirt."

Nilsson's Marriage.

THE NUPTIAL CEREMONIES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

[From the New York Herald.]

LONDON, July 27. "Westminster Old Abbey" was the scene of a brilliant and a miscellaneous assembly this morning to witness the marriage ceremonies of Mr. Auguste Rouzaud and Mademoiselle Christine Nilsson, the world-famous singer in opera. The day was unusually clear and bright and warm for London, and Miss Nilsson certainly received the benison that is said to fall upon the bride upon whom the sun shines. The card of invitation which summoned the wedding guests was in these words:—

Mlle. Christine Nilsson and Mr. Auguste Rouzaud
request the honor of

—Mr.—
company at Westminster Abbey on Saturday,
July 27, at eleven o'clock punctually.

The favor of an immediate answer is particularly requested.

Entrance through Dean's Yard
and by the West Cloister door.

The announcement that the wedding was to be solemnized attracted a miscellaneous multitude of curious people, who swarmed around the grim and venerable doors of the old abbey and swarmed into the cloisters and corridors opened to the public. As a parish church of Westminster, the abbey cannot, under any circumstances, be closed to the public. So the portion known as the choir, extending back to the chancel, and the screen which separates the chancel from Henry VIII.'s chapel, was enclosed, and carefully guarded by police and officers of the chapter. On the outside of the iron railing, in the space known as the Poet's Corner, and in the space immediately opposite, the public, to the number of perhaps two thousand, had swarmed in, and were eagerly clustered around pillars and under the arches and heaped over the chairs and benches in the most promiscuous and unseemly way; while within the choir, where there were probably seats and standing room for a thousand people, the invited guests slowly and impatiently assembled. The entrance to the choir from the dean's yard was trying, on account of the crowd and the absence of discipline or foresight among the attendants. And as the hour of eleven drew nigh the choir was apparently well filled, and a long line of eager guests extended through the middle aisle of the cathedral and the cloisters.

The scene inside the abbey was exceedingly beautiful and impressive. A companion suggested that it reminded him of the famous scene in the "Prophet," or more particularly the wedding scene in "Don Carlos." But the fair and gifted lady who was about to march up the aisle—prima donna in the great opera of womanhood—had never witnessed in her most triumphant hours a scene so splendid and real, and full of color and poetry. Above rose the majestic Gothic arches, gray with the incense and the smoke of ten centuries, under which kings and queens had walked since the time of William Rufus to the coronation chair. The warm, burning sun, arrested by the stained glass of the venerable windows, lost its fury, and fell soft and warm and generous upon the carved woodwork, the quaint panels and the mass of monumental and mural ornamentation. There, grouped in eager expectation, were many of the fairest and brightest women in England, the variegated colors of the summer raiment adding interest and color to the scene. On one side, within a moment's walk, was the Poet's Corner, and the gray figures of Ben Jonson and Dryden and Gay and Goldsmith and Shakespeare looked out upon the unusual pageant with what might have been, fancifully regarded as wondering eyes. Nor was the interest allowed to flag. The coming of some distinguished face caused a ripple of comment and discussion. The American Minister, General Schenk, with his daughters, arrived early, looking unusually well, and not the least concern in his resolute, grim, kindly face as to Washington treaties and international complications. Then came Baron Brunow, the Russian Minister, and Baroness Brunow, followed almost immediately by some of the French legation. Sir J. Benedict, the eminent musician, came early, and among those in the company were Lady Emily Peel, the Countess of Cork; Lieutenant Fitzgerald of the household of Prince Arthur; Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, M. P.; Mlle. Titiens, Sir G. A. Mitage, Viscount Benington, Sir Michael Costa, Lord A. Compton, Signor Gardoni, Colonel Tomline, M. P.; Prince Poniatowski, Sir R. Gerard, Dr. Doremus, of New York,

Mr. H. C. Jarrett and Miss Louise Jarrett, the daughter of Sir J. Benedict and two of the daughters of Baron Rothchild; Lord Walter Campbell, the brother of the Marquis of Lorne, came in, looking unusually well after his American tour.

By the church law all weddings must be solemnized before noon. About twenty minutes after eleven the Dean of Westminster, Dean Stanley, came into the chancel, accompanied by the Rev. S. Flood Jones and the altar attendants, and proceeded down the aisle. At precisely twenty-seven minutes past eleven the first notes of music were heard, the hymn selected beginning, "Now thank we all our God." Then came the procession of choristers in their quaint white gowns, who ranged themselves in line as far as the sacristarium. Dean Stanley then took his position in front of a raised stool, under the lantern, apparently in the centre of the choir. The music continued. There was a rustle of eagerness and expectation, and at half-past eleven the wedding procession appeared. The bride looked unusually well; her face rather pale and subdued. She bent her eyes on the ground, and seemed to move inadvertently to the presence of the dean. Your lady readers may be interested in knowing that the bride wore a white corded silk dress, with a large *entreeuse* at the bottom of the skirt and large downward-running side-bands of white satin embroidered with white roses. The bodice of the dress was not cut low, but decorated with bands of embroidered white satin fastened with festoons of orange blossoms. The whole was flooded, as it were, with rich Alençon laces. The wreath was of orange blossoms, with a veil of tulle. The only jewelry visible were a pair of magnificent diamond and pearl earrings, which formerly belonged to the Empress Eugénie. Miss Nilsson was attended by the Princess Catherine Poniatowski, the Baroness Florence de Britton, Miss Cavendish Bentinck, Miss Kate Vivian, and Miss Venetia Cavendish Bentinck, as bridesmaids. These maidens were attired alike in dresses that were extremely attractive and becoming. They were composed of a rich underskirt of white muslin under a large overskirt (*manteau de cour*) of blue silk trimmed with pink silk. In addition there were wreaths of pink roses, with white tulle veils and golden locketts bearing the monogram initials C. N. in diamonds and rubies. All of these costumes came from Paris, and are said by cunning critics to be gems of millinery, costing fabulous sums—Miss Nilsson's alone, according to an accurate authority, costing \$2,000.

The bridegroom, who bore the battery of curious and perhaps envious eyes that turned upon him with exceeding grace and coolness, was a rather pleasant-looking French gentleman, with kind, open features; of rather a medium height; his face adorned with a tidy, dark beard; his hair carefully parted in the middle. He was in plain morning costume, with a light blue necktie, held with a gold ring, and wearing in his lappel a small bunch of orange blossoms. He was born at the Isle of Bourbon—a half creole. His grandfather married a creole woman, and amassed a large fortune. His father married the daughter of Admiral Boq, then in command of the naval forces of the Isle of Bourbon, and after retiring from business resided in Paris, which is now the home of his family. The *Figaro* newspaper adds further in reference to M. Rouzaud that he had "a moderate fortune of from four hundred thousand to five hundred thousand francs, not counting his expectations." The grandfather of M. Rouzaud, Rouzaud of Comtois, was a poor locksmith of Jonzac (Charente-Inférieure). His son left France at fifteen years of age, invited by a merchant to the Isle of Bourbon, who, having observed his intelligence, chose him for his clerk. Once there, the clerk speedily distinguished himself, became a partner, then master, married a young creole, daughter of Admiral Boq, and returned to France at the end of some years, leaving behind him a large commercial establishment, and taking with him his wife and children, three boys and a girl. It is the eldest of these children, Auguste, who has married Mlle. Nilsson. The two brothers, Arsene and Médéric, have continued the business of their father. One of them manages the establishment in the Isle of Bourbon; the other is the representative and correspondent of the firm in Bordeaux, and the father lives in Paris, where he has an office, Rue de l'Échiquier. As to the sister, Mlle. Josephine Rouzaud, she married her cousin, M. Boq. M. Auguste Rouzaud is the only one of the family who has abandoned commercial pursuits, from which his artistic instincts estranged him. He was living alternately in Paris and at the Château de la Dixmarie, his own property, near Jonzac, when he became acquainted with Mlle. Nilsson and proposed marriage to her.

While we are dwelling on these details the bride and groom are kneeling before the Very Rev. Dean of Westminster, who performed the service in an effective manner, his voice—as it began the famous and time-honored invocation, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here, in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony"—rising so full and clear as to be heard in every part of the abbey. The bride made the responses in a clear and musical voice, so as to be heard throughout the choir. When the service reached the declaration, "I pronounce that they be man and wife together, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," the Dean, followed by the procession, marched into the inner part of the sanctuary, the bride and groom kneeling before him, and the ladies and gentlemen in attendance also kneeling, while the choir, under the direction of Rev. Mr. Jones, intoned Psalm cxxviii., beginning, "Blessed are they that fear the Lord and walk in his ways." This was very sweet and effective, the music being an arrangement of Beethoven's. After this came the exhortation to "all ye that are married or intend to take the holy estate of matrimony upon you," which Dean Stanley read with feeling and emphasis, and placing his hands upon the heads of the bride and groom, closed the service with this blessing, followed by the benediction:—

Almighty God, who at the beginning did create our first parents, Adam and Eve, and did sanctify and join them together in marriage, pour upon you the riches of His grace, sanctify and bless you that ye may please Him both in body and soul, and live together in holy love unto your lives' end. Amen.

This over the following marriage chorale, by Rev. Mr. Jones, and set to music by James Turle, was chanted:—

Father of Life, confessing
Thy majesty and power,
We seek thy gracious blessing
To greet the bridal hour;
The troth in Eden plighted
The wedded here renew;
May they, in thee united,
Till death be pure and true.

Jesus Redeemer, hear us!
Still be the Wedding Guest;
Thy gentle presence near us,
Makes common things more blest;
E'en Care shall be a learning
Of blessedness divine,
If thou wilt still be turning
The water into wine.

Spirit of Love, descending,
Impart thy joy and peace,
These hopes together blending
Bless with thine own increase—
Afarward the roughened ocean,
Or on the peaceful tide,
Thy breath through each emotion
Their heavenward course shall guide.

The Church, thy Bride, hath given
Her blessing on the vow;
Oh, rally from Heaven
Her benison below!
Bless, Father, Son and Spirit,
The union here begun,
That in the life eternal
It may be ever one. Amen.

The company then passed into the Jerusalem Chamber, where the marriage contract was signed. After this there was a wedding breakfast at the house of Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, No. 3 Grafton street, Bond street. At two o'clock they returned to Roy's hotel, leaving at four o'clock in the train for Dover. After resting the night they propose to cross the Channel and spend the honeymoon in Baden. Madame Rouzaud will continue to Russia, and sing a month in Moscow and a month in St. Petersburg.

Cherubini's "Water-Carrier" ("Deux Journées") in London.

(From the Athenæum.)

Thursday, the 20th of June, 1872, will be a memorable day in the history of the lyric drama in this country, for it fully established the legitimate claims of Cherubini to be enrolled in the list of composers who have left, as legacies for posterity, masterpieces. Rarely, indeed, has such an assemblage of artists and amateurs been gathered in any opera-house as was present at Drury Lane Theatre, to listen to the Italian adaptation of "Les Deux Journées." The expressions of admiration on the part of the public were palpable and audible enough; and in the corridors, and in the *foyer*, ordinarily cold and self-possessed musicians declared their enthusiastic appreciation of the work, of the masterly accompaniments of Sir Michael Costa for the dialogue and action, and of its extraordinarily fine execution. Such an unequivocal triumph, it might be presumed, would have been followed by immediate and frequent repe-

titions of the opera; but the only notification, up to the time we write, of a future representation, is the Impresario's announcement that "due notice will be given of the next performance of Cherubini's opera, 'I Due Giorgetti.'" This *sine die* information is confirmed by the language of some of our daily contemporaries, who tell their readers that the work is a masterpiece, but it will not "draw," fashion being opposed to the story as being too simple, and to the music as being too learned. If such be the case it only shows how pressing is the need of a National Opera House, where, at moderate prices, grand and classical opera can be rendered a paying investment. But we protest emphatically against this commercial estimate of the worth of Cherubini's 'Deux Journées'; we deny the premises on which the conclusion has been arrived at. In the first place, the tale is not more "simple" than that of 'Fidelio.' In the two books, the persecution and adventures of a married couple form the mainspring of interest; the escapes of the French Count and Countess are as exciting as those of Leonora and Florestan—in both the devotion of a wife is vividly exemplified. What writes Picchianti, Cherubini's Italian biographer?—"The libretto was so well worked out and so interesting, that Goethe regarded it as a true model." We recorded the opinion of Haydn and Beethoven as to Cherubini (*Athen*, No. 2330). Now what wrote Weber in 1812 of the 'Deux Journées': "Fancy my delight when I beheld lying upon the table of the hotel the playbill, with the magic name 'Armand.' I was the first person in the theatre, and planted myself in the middle of the pit, where I waited most anxiously for the tones which I knew beforehand would again elevate and inspire me. I think I may boldly assert that 'Les Deux Journées' is a really dramatic and classical work. Everything is calculated so as to produce the greatest effect; all the various pieces are so much in their proper place, that you can neither omit one nor make any addition to them. The opera displays a pleasing richness of melody, vigorous declamation, and all-striking truth in the treatment of the situation, ever new, ever seen, and retained with pleasure. We can never see enough of such masterpieces."

With every word of Weber's criticism we agree perfectly. We will even go further than the composer of 'Der Freischütz' and 'Oberon.' Our firm conviction is that we should never have had 'Fidelio' had not the 'Deux Journées' been produced. There is more than a mere similarity of story; in the music itself Beethoven has been inspired by Cherubini just as Cherubini was inspired by Mozart: there is no plagiarism, but there are those coincidences into which men of genius fall through sympathy in ideas. But other curious points suggest themselves on hearing 'Les Deux Journées,' for in it Cherubini has evidently created the new Wagnerian oratorio of operatic treatment. In the 'Deux Journées' there is no *aria d'entrata* for *prima donna*, tenor, baritone, or bass; there are no solos interrupting the action of the drama: every character is individualized, and has a marked type,—each one contributing to the concerted pieces faithfully, consistently, and coherently. The spoken dialogue in the original version has been converted by Sir Michael Costa with marvellous tact and skill into recitatives, conveying the imagery of Cherubini. Herr Wagner's proposed annihilation of the tyranny of leading singers in operas is to be found in the 'Deux Journées.' In the first act, how naturally the Savoyard's narrative of the protection of the Count glides into the trio in which the sympathy of Michael the Water-Carrier is enlisted on behalf of the fugitive nobleman, Marcellina, the sister of Antonio, joining in the invocation for a blessing on the preserver. The Water-Carrier's resolve to aid the Count is the prelude to the next trio, where, by the arrival of the Count and Countess, Michael's gratitude is put to the test. This trio is to the ear as melodious as possible, and yet the three parts are contrasted in contrapuntal devices of infinite ingenuity. An impassioned duet between the Count and Countess, in which she expresses her intention of joining in his peril, leads to the *finale* of the search by the commander and soldiers who are in pursuit of the proscribed Count. This *finale*, consisting of a sextet, is as grand and imposing, although set for such a limited number of voices, as any choral combination to be found in any opera. It is voiced with prodigious power, and attains a climax of devotional fervor by the appeal to Providence for protection. The second act has a martial tone throughout, for Cardinal Mazarin's soldiers are guarding the outlet from Paris; no person is allowed to pass the city gate without a permit. The tramp of the military, and the denunciation of the persecuted President of the French Parliament by the officers, are noted with consummate skill and with picturesque effect, recalling the vigor with which Beethoven has treated a similar situation in the 'Mount of Olives.' Perhaps

Cherubini's setting is more solemn and sacred than the secular tune adopted by Beethoven. The seizure of Constance (the Countess) by the soldiers, and her release by order of the officer who has seen her dressed as Marcellina in the first act, and believes she is the Water-Carrier's daughter, is depicted in a trio and chorus. In the *finale* there is the escape of the Count, concealed in the water cart of Michael, another masterly movement, ending with the march off the stage of the soldiers, leaving the Water-Carrier to raise his hands to heaven, in gratitude for the success of his stratagem. In the third act the tenor of the composition is quite varied, for we have a deliciously pastoral music in a village, where Angelina is waiting for her affianced husband, Antonio. This rustic number is succeeded by the arrival of the soldiers, still in search for the Count, followed by the appearance of the two fugitives, guided by Antonio who conceals the Count in the trunk of a tree, where, however, he is discovered, as his wife is overheard by two drunken soldiers giving the signal to him to come out of his hiding place. The serious aspect of the drama is, however, relieved by the arrival of the Water-carrier, bearer of the sovereign's pardon.

Some slight additions to and alterations in the original score have been made. Thus, for the opening dialogue, a chorus, from Cherubini's 'Blanche de Provence,' has been introduced, and for the *dénouement* the last portion of the sextet in the first act is reproduced, instead of the somewhat abrupt chorus which ended the work. Sir Michael Costa has taken chiefly the glorious overture as his text for the recitatives; the most prominent points of interest are not solely intended to sustain the singers, but there are bits of descriptive orchestration ever and anon. The playing by the band was finer than anything we have heard either in France or Germany when this opera has been given. We do not refer to precision and exactitude, but specially to the vigor of the attacks and the brilliancy of the coloring of the instrumental gems in the score. The choral singing was generally good; the opening of the second act is very difficult, but the chorists had been well trained. The honors of the cast, *quod principals*, must be awarded to Signor Agnoli, as the Water-Carrier, Signor Rinaldi, as Antonio, the son, and Signor Foli, as the Commander; nothing could be better than these delineations. So much credit is due to Mlle. Tietjens for undertaking the part of Constance, and so fine was her singing, that we feel disinclined to point out, but we must do so, that if Constance is to pass as Marcellina, there ought to be similarity in appearance, and that Mlle. Rozz, who was the latter, does not resemble the German *prima donna*. A stronger singer than Mlle. Baummeister is required for even the short part of Angelina; and the greatest failure was Signor Vizzani, as the Count. He acted listlessly and lifelessly a character exacting passion and energy, whilst his defective intonation in the singing was too palpable to be pleasant.

When we remember the failure of Beethoven's symphonies, of Weber's 'Der Freischütz,' of Meyerbeer's 'Robert le Diable,' when first produced here, we are not at all disheartened that the 'Deux Journées' has not been at first appreciated here by the fashionable supporters of Italian Opera; but, at all events, such a masterpiece ought not to have been produced at a period of the season when the Director has to count upon not losing receipts. However, as the beginning of an Italian operatic campaign must be devoted to *débuts*, and as the nights of performance are becoming more numerous, as are also the engagements of the singers at concerts, public and private, we must repeat that the production of new works, which shall be successful both financially and artistically, can now only be expected from a National Opera House.

The London Musical Season.

(From the Orchestra, July 28.)

Her Majesty's Theatre is closing, Covent Garden is shut up, the oratorios have run their course, the Crystal Palace has repeated its "Te Deum," the Philharmonics have performed their contracts with their subscribers, Mr. Chappell and Mr. Ella have fulfilled their course, M. Gounod has given his grand concerts, and nothing now remains but the Exhibition and the Royal Albert Hall. The musical season is over, the summer is gone, and the harvest has been reaped. We have had no choral gatherings of the gigantic scale realized in America; no founding of a Titan opera house, as that set in hand by Wagner in Bavaria; no new opera, as in the times of Mozart, Rossini, and Meyerbeer; no new symphony and piano concerto, as in the sunshine of Mendelssohn; nevertheless, much new music has been heard, accomplished performers have appeared, and there has been constant repetition of fine and classical compositions.

With the Italian opera history repeats itself. The popular vocalist has individualized the scene, and little or nothing has been done to elevate the national taste for real musical drama. At Covent Garden there has been marvellous energy and unflinching industry; at Drury Lane more careful selection and better preparation. At Covent Garden it was "Go ahead;" at Drury Lane the motto was "*fastina lente*." Both houses peculiarly have been successful, but for careful, just, and perfect performance, Drury Lane carries away the palm. There has been one notable revival—the Cherubini comedy of "*The Water-Carrier*." It did not fail, it never had the chance. The wicked generation of this day knows not the pearls of the great French Revolution, and left Sir Michael Costa in the situation of old Handel—to his troupe, his water-carrier, and his own privacy. Cherubini had done nothing in the opera to ruin a man's voice, nothing to exhaust or lay up the heroine; there were no break-neck passages, no helter-skelter modulations; nothing but what would bear continued repetition, and in time gain upon the ear and meet with general approbation. The manager appealed to the public spirit, to our national taste; we have no real spirit for Italian opera, no national taste for the musical drama.

There was not a single movement in the opera that was identified with a personal history. No musical Rachel, or Ristori, ever made a great point in it, and so our opera frequenters were content to hear and repeat that Cherubini was all inspiration, earnestness, and grand thought, and then turn their feet another way, leaving Mr. Mapleson with all the Cherubini by-play of oboes, clarionets, and bassoons, violas, 'celli, and horns, to his own enjoyment; and to such loss as a taste for the classic opera might bring upon him. The carpenters began upon the promised "*Lohengrin*," and there was, we believe, a giving out of chorus-parts, but the project of its production languished for want of sheer physical strength. Every one in Covent Garden has been worked to within a foot or two of his, or her, operatic grave, and the many green spots and perilous places to be taken care of in the Wagner opera brought on a fit of despair, and so "*Lohengrin*" was left for better times and clearer intelligence. Nor was there opportunity to bring out the new opera by Verdi, which requires peculiar care from the leading vocalists, much study, and great perseverance on all sides, to give it a fair chance for public favor. Another season may possibly unlock the latest secrets of Verdi, and display the treasures of his gifted and undiminished imagination. We need not refer to the operas that were performed, the daily journals have recorded all this, and with a tenacity of laudation that nothing can transcend.

In church music we have had the three new *Te Deums*, and some half score anthems by M. Gounod. Certain Englishmen also within the ecclesiastical zone of choirs have published their isolated anthems. Of the three *Te Deums* everything has been said that need to be said. Of the Gounod anthems, some are grim and low-toned, others are earnest and entertaining, and all are carefully written and worthy of study, but there is nothing that will particularly hold its own or come to the front. The old machinery of the Anthem is gone, and the new is too full of imperfections and defects in their æsthetic character to keep church-going folks interested or sweet tempered.

As to the oratorio, the Bach "*Passion*" of St. Matthew has maintained its supremacy, and the season has been rendered remarkable by the performance of the other Bach "*Passion*," that of St. John. This second "*Passion*," not being so long as the St. Matthew, equally, if not more dramatic, equally, if not more elevated in tone, will we think, become the more popular oratorio. It is throughout, strong and emotive, and with one or two exceptions, not difficult to sing, and will always maintain general sympathy and universal admiration.

Much splendid music, both old and new, has been given at the meetings of the two Philharmonics, the Monday Populars, Mr. Ella's well-known "Union," and the harmonic gatherings at the Crystal Palace. The new symphony and the piano concerto—quartet, quintet and sextet, all built up in the latest notion of musical construction—were listened to submissively, and if they here and there discouraged the auditors, no one could be said to be altogether dissatisfied. People were told they were listening to works of great merit, to composers who enjoyed fixed and certain reputations; but in general they were too ignorant, careless, or idle to study their own interests in the case. There was a verdict of "Be it so," but no enthusiasm.

In the Ballad and Benefit Concerts there has been an immense production of new music, some songs being so lucky as to be remembered at the breakfast table the next morning, others to be dismissed at once in terms of unmistakable petulance, if not in a

slight breeze of vexation. Our favorite singers possess the great virtue of humility; they will sing anything and everything, good or bad, provided they be duly addressed in the matter, and they see it is a duty to which they ought to accommodate themselves.

The composers have had much to rejoice over, the public to put up with, and the publishers have found themselves occasionally laughed at, and at other times it has been their turn to laugh.

There has been much playing upon the organ. The great organ in the Royal Albert Hall affords splendid opportunities for the rendering of the Bach pedal-fugue, the French *Offertoire* music, and the Mendelssohn sonata. The performers have been Legion: good, bad, and indifferent; but as no organ player ever gets any remuneration for his study, we feel bound to say, upon the whole our native organ players are a very creditable set. But to be just, we must take one player out of the common rack, and this is Mr. George Augustus Tamplin. Mr. Tamplin is the son of the well known Dr. Tamplin, a physician of eminence. Some years ago he studied the new school of music with a direct bearing upon the harmonium, and in this way became an unparalleled performer on this difficult instrument. He worked in the French school, and went far ahead of any of the Parisian celebrities on this instrument. He has applied all this magnificent command of head and hand to the organ. In mixing up the manuals and registers of a large organ Mr. Tamplin is undoubtedly foremost, and in his extraordinary extemporaneous performances he is altogether incomparable. In short he is the only Englishman as organist who deals with the semitonic scale, as if it was the ordinary diatonic. Directly he begins the auditor is made aware that here is the new thing—the true Wagnerian theory, the fashionable lunacy of the year of grace 1872.

Mr. George Augustus Tamplin is, of course, pronounced to be musically mad! Be it so, if he will only have the goodness to bite a few of his confidères.

Although the musical season be in one sense terminated, there is much music lying in the Exhibition worth attention, and calling for sedulous study. There will be yet two months for organ performers, for pianoforte playing, and for hearing the exquisite programmes of the military bands. In one sense this daily playing by our soldiers of much fine music is an education of itself, and must operate beneficially on the natural taste.

Italian Opera in London. Review of the Season.

(From the Times, July 27.)

The season 1872 has not been remarkable for the production of startling novelties at either house. We shall not go again through the old ceremony of re-considering the prospectuses, and comparing what was promised with what was actually performed. It would, indeed, be a waste of time and space—for, remembering as we do the operative prospectuses of the last quarter of a century, it would be difficult to name one of which all, or nearly all, the pledges were fulfilled. Great stress was laid upon the production of Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin*, at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA; the more so because of the artistic, if not pecuniary, success of the same composer's *Fliegender Holländer*, at Drury Lane, in 1870, when Mr. George Wood was manager, Signor Arditi conductor, and the principal parts were sustained by Mdlle. Irma de Murska and Mr. Santley. But *Lohengrin* is far in advance of the "*Olandese Dannato*," and proportionately more difficult to get up. It would have been a severe tax on the resources at Mr. Gye's command; and as its intended performance was not to be until somewhat late in the summer, all that part of the season to which the manager naturally looks for his harvest would have been in a great measure absorbed by continued rehearsals of a work, the success of which, at the best, could be looked upon as problematical. So *Lohengrin* was inevitably laid aside—at any rate for a season. The operas of Herr Wagner—which, by the way, have nothing in common with Italian opera proper, or with French opera, as represented by Auber, or with the mélange of Italian, French, and German opera, of which the great works of Meyerbeer are types, or, indeed, with German opera itself, from Mozart down to Weber—are exceptional things, as the preparations for the grand performances of the *Nibelungen* "Trilogy" at Bayreuth, postponed as they are from year to year, sufficiently attest. Had Herr Wagner been in London he would have desired to appropriate half a season to himself for the rehearsals of *Lohengrin*, and this granted him, would hardly have been satisfied. If Mr. Gye, nevertheless, is still bent upon giving *Lohengrin* next year, let him prepare it early in the season, and produce it before his vocal

"stars"—his Patti, his Lucas, his Albanis, &c.—come out; then it might take; otherwise there is no chance for it. The substitution for *Lohengrin* of Prince Poniatowski's *Gelmina*, and *Il Guarany*, by the young Brazilian, Carlos Gomez, discovered a mild sense of irony in Mr. Gye, for which he deserves to be credited. In any case, both were unknown works, the first affording an opportunity of presenting that universal favorite, Madame Adelina Patti, in a new part, the second giving Mr. Augustus Harris a chance of showing that even the *Africaine* of Meyerbeer had not entirely exhausted his genius for the invention of scenic splendor and elaborate stage combinations. But of these operas we have no more to say at present. Allowing that Mr. Gye failed to bring out *Lohengrin*, and the *Diamans de la Couronne* of Auber, he has certainly not been idle. Besides *Gelmina* and *Il Guarany*, he has with unexampled rapidity during a short season of seventeen or eighteen weeks, given to his subscribers and the public no less than twenty-six operas. These were *Faust e Margherita*, *La Sonnambula*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the *Huguenots*, *La Favorita*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *La Traviata*, *Hamlet*, *Martha*, *Fidelio*, *Dinorah*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Don Giovanni*, *L'Africaine*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, *Der Freischütz*, *Gelmina*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *L'Etoile du Nord*; *Linda di Chamouni*, *Norma*, and *Il Guarany*—we have named them in the order of their production. Much may be pardoned a director who, in so short a time, can furnish performances, more or less careful and complete, of so large a variety of operas, which, to judge by experience, are for the greater part more or less to the taste of his subscribers. That all were given in perfection we shall not be asked to admit; but when the patrons of the opera are so clamorous for variety, the manager has only to do the best in his power to satisfy them; and this—in spite of what we must persist in thinking the mistaken policy of having two conductors, instead of one absolute chief, over the orchestral department—Mr. Gye has certainly accomplished.

What Mr. Gye's principal singers have effected in the course of the season, we need not recapitulate. Their various performances were duly chronicled at the time. We may say, however, that to Mdlle. Adelina Patti, who successfully appeared as *Dinorah*, *Rosina*, *Zorina* (*Don Giovanni*), *Leonora* (*Il Trovatore*), *Gelmina*, *Caterina* (*L'Etoile du Nord*), *Amina*, the character with which, in 1861, she made her debut, and *Valentine*, has been assigned a single new character, and no more—that of *Gelmina*, in Prince Poniatowski's opera so named. Madame Pauline Lucca, who has played *Zerlina* (*Fra Diavolo*), *Leonora* (*La Favorita*), *Margherita* (*Faust*), *Selika* (*L'Africaine*), *Cherubino* (*Le Nozze*), and *Agatha* (*Der Freischütz*), has also been allowed but one new opportunity of distinction—of which, when we name *Agatha*, it is needless to say she made the very best. No such *Agatha* having been seen and heard before on the stage of the Royal Italian Opera—the genuine actress and the genuine dramatic singer, great in both instances, being enthusiastically recognized. What the other well known artists in Mr. Gye's company achieved—including Mdlle. Sessi, who gave real life and character to the heroine of *Il Guarany*; M. Faure, whose Caspar was only inferior to his Hamlet, inasmuch as the music does not lie quite so easily for that distinguished artist's voice; Mdlle. Scalchi, with the voice and a fair promise of the skill of Albani herself; Signors Naudin, Cotogni, Baggiolo, &c.—has been already told in the periodical record of the season. Among Mr. Gye's new engagements, we may at once dismiss all the German singers destined to take part in *Lohengrin*, as of little note; but a word of praise is due to Mdlle. Smeroschi, who sang twice in the *Elisir d'Amore*; and many strong words of praise to our esteemed English soprano, Madame Euphrosyne Parepa, who proved triumphantly that another *Norma* was not an impossibility. Mdlle. Emma Albani has already done enough to warrant a belief that she will become a shining star in our operatic firmament. This extremely prepossessing young Canadian made her debut early in the season as *Amina*, and created an impression, which was deepened by her next performance, as *Lucia*, and became stronger and stronger in each new character she portrayed. Her *Martha*, *Gilda* (*Rigoletto*), and *Linda* (*Linda di Chamouni*), one by one raised her higher and higher in the appreciation of the public. The charm of youth, added to the charm of a beautiful voice, full of sympathetic tones, a quiet, unaffected modest demeanor, and undoubted intelligence as an actress, produced their inevitable effect; and when the curtain descended upon Mdlle. Albani's last performance of *Lucia* it rose again for a new singer to be greeted who had in a single season won and merited a "name." Into further details about the Royal Italian Opera we need not enter, beyond saying that, on the whole, Mr. Gye has certainly deserved well of his subscribers.

Mr. Mapleson opened HER MAJESTY'S OPERA a fortnight after Mr. Gye, and closed the doors of his theatre exactly a week later. Mr. Mapleson's promises of absolute novelty, as set forth in his prospectus, amounted to two operas—the *Deux Journées* of Cherubini and the *Diamans de la Couronne* of Auber, under the Italian name of *Caterina*. Of these, the first was presented once; and a finer performance in its way—thanks to Sir Michael Costa, his added recitatives with orchestral accompaniments, his careful preparation, and his admirable conducting—has rarely been heard. Nevertheless, *Les Deux Journées* did not hit the public taste, and was never repeated. Auber's opera escaped a similar fate, inasmuch as, though repeatedly announced, up to almost the very end of the season, it was ultimately withdrawn—for the present, which may fairly be taken to signify *sine die*. Mr. Mapleson's seasons ran for upwards of sixteen weeks, during which the following operas were produced in the order given:—*Fidelio*, *La Sonnambula*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Semiramide*, the *Huguenots*, *Don Pasquale*, *Faust*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *La Traviata*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Il Trovatore*, *Les Deux Journées* (1 due Giorni), *Rigoletto*, *Martha*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*—in all sixteen operas. We have heard no *Der Freischütz*, *Anna Bolena*, *Dinorah* (for Mdlle. Marimon), *Ballo in Maschera*, *Il Flauto Magico*, &c.—although the prospectus announced them all; but the same excuse we have offered for Covent Garden holds just as well for Drury Lane. In sum—with regard to novelty, Mr. Mapleson has brought out one single opera—Cherubini's *Les Deux Journées*, and that, we repeat, was presented once and no oftener.

What Mr. Mapleson's chief singers have done stands as little in demand of detailed record as what Mr. Gye's chief singers have done. Take, for example, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. This accomplished and highly popular lady, during the course of her engagement of 15 or 16 nights, has appeared as *Viola* (*Traviata*), *Margaret* (*Faust*), *Lucia*, *Martha*, and *Cherubino* (*Le Nozze*),—in every one of which characters she was already familiar to London audiences. Nothing new was set down for her. Even Mignon and Desdemona (not to speak of *Ophelia*), the parts which, far more than any of those we have enumerated, stamped her in the eyes of the London public as a first class artist, were abandoned, so that really Mdlle. Nilsson, after her two years' absence in America, has not been allowed a fair chance of renewing the old associations, and re-establishing herself as a prime favorite. Mignon would have been a god send for Mdlle. Nilsson and not less a god-send for her admirers—of whom she has very many and enthusiastic in this country; but the sempiternal *Viola*, *Margaret*, *Lucia*, &c., are enough to pall upon the most insatiable appetite.

Mdlle. Marimon, too, has been limited again to *Amina*, *Maria*, *Norma*, and *Rosina*; while the versatile and indefatigable Mdlle. Tietjens has not been vouchsafed a single new part, except only that of the heroine in Cherubini's opera, which is not by any means suited to her. Mdlle. Marimon, however, has maintained her position as in certain respects, and in certain characters most favorable to her peculiar idiosyncrasy, the most wonderful "vocalist" of her time. And yet the more we see of Mdlle. Marimon the more we are convinced that she is vocalist "*et præterea nihil*." She has no "charm," and even when she has executed passages in the manner which perhaps no other living singer could equal, she leaves one—on the stage at least—comparatively unmoved. In the concert-room it is otherwise; there, no matter who may be the other lady singers, Mlle. Marimon invariably carries off the palm. Such fluency and executive facility as this lady possesses in a certain style of vocalization are scarcely rivalled, assuredly unsurpassed. Signor Campanini, the new tenor, who created a veritable *furor* on the night of his debut as Gennaro in *Lucrezia Borgia*, has evidently won the favor of the public—if not the unequivocal admiration of connoisseurs. This gentleman has not only much to learn but something to unlearn; and he must both learn and unlearn before he can honorably maintain the position originally claimed for him as Signor Giuglini's legitimate successor—a position which would, now-a-days, signify neither more nor less than that of the first tenor on the Italian boards. Signor Campanini has been heard successively as Gennaro, Edgardo, Manrico, the Duke of Mantua, and Lionel—on each occasion, while here and there exciting unqualified admiration, giving room for serious criticism on the part of unprejudiced hearers. He is young, however, and if he also is wise, he will strive his utmost to maintain the position to which his most enthusiastic admirers consider him entitled, and which the operatic public generally would only be too glad to see him attain. On the other hand, M. Capoul, the French tenor, has few of the requisites to excel in the school

of Italian opera. He is not only French in style and mannerism, but French to such a degree of exaggeration as *bonâ fide* amateurs of Italian Opera would in the end scarcely be inclined to tolerate. Miss Clara-Louise Kellogg, the American *prima donna*, has, for the second time in this country, merited and earned an honorable success. This young lady is a legitimate artist in the full meaning of the term; and in each of the characters she has essayed—Linda, Lucia, Gilda, Violetta, and Susanna (Mozart's Susanna before all)—has created an indelible impression, so much so, indeed, that every subscriber would have been only too pleased to hear her in some new part. That any new part undertaken by Miss Kellogg would be studied perseveringly and conscientiously her antecedents suffice to show.

Mr. Mapleson's general company has been unusually efficient. With a second soprano, like Mlle. Marie Roze—who, if she would consent to take the "compromaria" parts, might, with her voice and personal appearance, be invaluable; a contralto like Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, now unrivalled as a singer of Rossini's music (witness her Arsace), and the Italian school generally; baritone-basses like Signors Rota (who especially made his mark as Mephistopheles), and Mendioroz; a serious bass like Signor Agnesi, a comic bass like Signor Borella, and two in one, like Signor Foli; second tenors like Signors Vizzani and Rinaldini, to say nothing of Signor Fancelli, who pretends to be a first tenor, and a priceless "utility," like Mlle. Bauermeister, excellent in everything she does, the director of Her Majesty's Opera is master of all necessary resources, and with the invaluable aid of Sir Michael Costa, who has trained the orchestra and chorus (orchestra more especially), into such splendid efficiency, might, with a trifle more pains and expenditure on his *mise-en-scène*, hold his own without fear of adverse criticism. On the whole, it must be admitted that Mr. Mapleson has given a series of performances of which only the most fastidious can find reason to complain. His subscribers might, it is true, have desired a little more variety, and just (if only), an occasional infusion of novelty.

Bach's Chorales.

The *Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter* (London,) in a recent number prints, in its peculiar notation, several Chorales with Bach's Harmony, prefixing the following remarks:

A few words on the German Chorales, with specimens of which this number is filled, may be of interest. At the time of the Reformation, Luther appealed to his nation's love for song, and fostered congregational singing as a means of religious awakening. In seeking music for his hymns, he availed himself largely of tunes already existing in the church, and of many others whose origin is now unknown. The rise of Luther's style of church music began with the Reformation in the middle of the sixteenth century. A hundred years later it declined; fewer tunes, and those inferior, were composed; while many of the old ones were deprived of their distinct rhythm and triple time, and levelled to a standard of lifeless uniformity. The creative period may be said to have ceased with the advent of the last century. The wave of Luther's revival had spent its force, and church music, as a natural result, was lifeless too. The tunes disappeared from the hymn books, and the organist and precentor, being now supreme, managed things in their own way. "One of the immediate consequences," says the preface to the "The Chorale Book for England," from which much of our information is derived, "was the predominance of the organ in the service at the expense of the singing of the congregation. This led eventually to a practice in every respect to be deprecated, which we still find all over Germany, that of introducing between every line of the hymn, an interlude performed by the organist." The connection of Bach's name with these church melodies is thus explained. "Bach, fully alive to the beauty of the tunes and hymns of his country, adopted the practice in which he was followed by his successors, Mendelssohn and others, of introducing chorales into all his numerous sacred works, either to their own words, or to new ones suiting better the subject of the cantata, thereby doubtless bringing them more readily home to the appreciation of the congregation, who were well acquainted with the old familiar tunes. How Bach harmonized these chorales is well known, and need not be dwelt upon here." It is further stated that when Bach died, his son extracted the Chorales from his father's works, and published them in a separate collection. The common impression that Bach is the author of these tunes is shown, by what has just been said, to be manifestly wrong, and it has only been fostered by the way in which the melodies which Bach harmonized have been spoken of as

"Bach's Chorales." A few of the airs are however ascribed to him with probable correctness.

The student who examines and compares the Chorales scattered through Bach's works will be struck by the prodigality of power shown by the great Leipzig organist. The same Chorale is to be found harmonized in four or five entirely distinct ways, and set in as many different keys. The not inconsiderable variations in the melody are also noticeable, the fact being that of these ancient tunes, as of our old English songs, there is no one version that can claim to be the correct one. The arrangement of the parts is rather trying to the singer. The extreme limits of compass in the various voices are used in merciless fashion, and there are wide, unvocal intervals. Characteristic of the style is the frequent crossing of the parts—the alto goes above the air and below the tenor in the very first piece in the present *Reporter*. But it is perhaps the frequent use of part pulse incidental tones that marks the individuality of Bach's manner. These have the character of melody in whatever voice they may occur. The style of the harmony dictates the rate at which the Chorales should move. It is essential that the incidental tones should be clearly heard; to allow of this the speed should average M. 60, and hardly ever exceed M. 66.

A good deal of criticism has been directed against Mr. Barnby in his recent revival of Bach's Passion music, for "turning the chorales into part songs," instead of doing them in the true German style. What that style is many of our readers know. Imagine a large church, a thundering organ playing the harmonies, and the congregation, who are all sitting, slowly singing the air in unison, with hard and mechanical voices. As a rule everyone sings, because everyone knows the melody; boys and girls cannot be confirmed until they have learnt 30 or 40 Chorales. At each of the pauses the organ, abating nothing of its power, gives an interlude of three or four notes, according to the measure of the Chorale, which over, the thick stream of voices joins in again and another line is begun. Thus a whole psalm is done without the organ having for a moment ceased, and the effect is lifeless and wearisome in the extreme. An attempt to naturalize this style in England would not only be impossible, it would be unwise. In Germany all the people join in the Chorales which are interspersed through Bach's cantatas, just as we join in the responses of the Church of England service. In England, however, they at present only listen to them as part of a performance, though it must not be forgotten that we sometimes get as much good by listening to sacred words uttered in music as by taking part in the utterance ourselves. It is therefore much better to let the music be heard at its best, and to display the rich beauty of the harmony by well-balanced parts and varied expression. For this mode of treatment we have at least the authority of Mendelssohn. Lampadius, who sang in the chorus when the great master revived the Passion Music in Leipzig, says,—"The Chorales he made the subject of the greatest care. They had to be sung with the utmost delicacy of expression, most of them very *piano*."

The Belgian Artisans' Choir.

The deep-toned voices of the Aberdare miners are still ringing in our ears when another musical raid is made upon London. This time the invading force comes from Brussels. The singers belong to a Belgian Friendly Society called "La société des Artisans réunis de la Belgique." It was founded in 1848, and the members must be bona-fide artisans. Music had no part in the original scheme, but the subscription paid by the members is only 5d. a month, and the happy idea of replenishing the coffers by giving concerts was hit upon. We commend the example to the notice of similar societies in England. A choral society was formed under the leadership of M. Lintermans, which now consists of 115 members, all men. They first competed in 1853, and have since been very successful in carrying off prizes. As yet they have not entered the lists with the German Societies, but their friends (as all friends should be) are quite confident they would beat them if they tried.

The artisans, attired in evening dress, made their first appearance in public at the Albert Hall, on 15th ult. They came on to the orchestra headed by the richly-brodered banner which the King lately gave them, and were loudly cheered. When they rose to sing, they gathered in a closely packed mass in half-moon shape round their conductor, who stood on a pile of boxes. Thus arranged, the conductor went to each part and sounded its starting note, afterwards ascending his rostrum. The whole proceeding, which was leisurely done, was repeated before each piece. Nor must we forget the water-drinking, which seemed to be also a necessary preliminary throughout the evening. It would have done the

hearts of our teetotal friends good to see it. Remembering that the choir is made up of working men, we must not judge its singing by too severe a standard. It is hardly a reproach to them to say that in point of refined and polished tone and style they were inferior to the Bristol Choral Union, which was heard a few days since at the Crystal Palace. The well cultivated and pleasant quality of the high register of the first tenors was noticeable. It is needless to remind our readers that the "bass-alto" voice is unknown on the continent. The vigor of the "attack" was also a novel experience to English ears. A great deal of pains must be taken with this. When a part enters you feel as if the singers had hit their note with a hammer. Of course this does not apply to the pianissimo passages, which were done with extreme care. The syncopations, in which their music abounds, were also done by the workmen with an ease and force that we have never heard equalled in England. Several of the choruses sung by the artisans contained solos with humming accompaniment. Opinion seems to be divided as to the proper mode of humming in chorus, but we may notice that the Belgians held their mouths slightly open, and the lips, slightly protruding, were allowed to vibrate. The nose, we need hardly say, was not employed. The success of the evening was Ambroise Thomas's "Le Tyrol," a piece which the Paris Prize Choir brought home with them in 1867, and have since frequently performed in a mixed voice form. All the words of this piece were printed in the programme, but strange to say the opening part was missed out, the music being taken up at the words "When God his hand revealing," of our English version. The genius of the music arrested all ears, and produced a furore, so that the choir were induced to repeat the closing movement. The jodel calls, given by the first tenors in their thin register, produced an effect which is missed in the ladies' voices, especially as they sang "la-oo-oo" instead of "la-a-a," as the words stand. On the whole, however, we came to the conclusion that the piece suffers but little in its mixed voice form. The Belgian choir gave several other concerts during their stay in London.

The following notice of the choir we take from the *Athenæum*. The unforeseen surprise of the writer at the capabilities of the counter-tenor voice is interesting:—

"They are not speculative artists, but *bonâ fide* artisans of all trades, singing for love of Art after their hours of toil; the majority are printers and compositors; their president is a working brush maker. The first taste of their quality was in the Royal Albert Hall, a large arena for a small body of voices after we have been habituated to hear therein orchestras of 1,000 performers; but they passed through the trying ordeal triumphantly. M. Guillaume de Mol was associated with M. Lintermans in the direction of the music. The divisions of the voices were nearly equal, that is, there were forty-nine first and second tenors, and fifty-eight first and second basses. The first thing that struck the auditory was that the 107 singers, who were all dressed alike in black, with white gloves and cravats, who had been sitting in a long row, by a wave of the conductor's bâton, were all suddenly massed in close order, forming a triangular-shaped phalanx. By this disposition of the executive, the sound was certainly concentrated. The next surprise was in the *timbre* of the voices. Nominally there are no altos; but the quality at times in the high notes was that of finely-voiced boys—of a Cathedral Choir,—not the peculiar and too often disagreeable tone emitted by our own altos. It is the compass of the first tenors which is so extraordinary,—as they attack the C in alt. fearlessly, and with perfect intonation; at the opposite extreme, in the lowest depths deeper still, the D flat was distinctly heard from the basses. Now as to their method,—for therein is their unquestionable speciality. As in singing, so in writing,—*Le style c'est l'homme*. Their attributes in execution are precision in the attack, strict observance of light and shade, and uniformity of effect; the collective body, now delivering one part, then intermingling another one, seems to be as one executant,—such has been the force of training and the continuous practice. To state that they observed their *pianos* and *fortes* will convey but a feeble notion of their powers; it is in the coloring, in the fine distinction preserved in the gradations of tone, that these workmen produce their extraordinary and exciting effects."—*Ibid.*

MUNICH. The performances of *Der fliegende Holländer* and *Tristan und Isolde* will probably be repeated under Herr von Bülow's direction, in the second week of August.

Music Abroad.

London.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS. The sixtieth season of the old Society, which closed on the 8th ult., introduced the following English compositions: Bennett's Symphony in G minor and "Ajax" Prelude; Cusins's Piano Concerto in A minor; and Potter's Symphony in D. Of the last two concerts the *Musical Times* reports as follows:

The programme of the seventh concert, on the 24th June, contained an interesting novelty, if such a term can be applied to Bach's Concerto for strings, which was performed for the first time in this country. Although of course somewhat antiquated in form, this work was listened to with the utmost pleasure by the audience, and would have been still more welcome as a specimen of the music of the period had not a slow movement of the same composer's orchestral *Suite* in D been interpolated between the two movements of the Concerto, in order that the final *Allegro* might come upon the ear with better effect. No greater contrast with Bach's quiet and masterly composition could have been selected than Beethoven's Symphony in A (No. 7), which commenced the second part, and was played with the utmost vigor and finish. The overtures to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Der Berggeist" (Spohr), were the other orchestral pieces, and Mme. Norman Néruda's excellent performance of Spohr's Dramatic Concerto for the violin was one of the features of the evening. The vocalists were Mlle. Titiens and Mme. Trebelli-Bettini. The eighth and last concert of the season was given on the 8th ult., the performance commencing with Brahms's Serenade in D, for orchestra, a work so unequal in merit as to make us doubt the permanent position of the music of "Young Germany," even where such undoubted marks of genius are shown, unless the representatives of the school can be prevailed upon to believe that the worth of a piece is not to be estimated by its length. A "Serenade" in eight movements is too much for an English audience, however it may be endured in Germany, and in spite, therefore, of the undoubted merit of many of the movements—especially the *Minuetto* and *Scherzos*—the last note of the work was unanimously hailed as a relief. The orchestral Prelude to the music of Sophocles's "Ajax," by Sir Sterndale Bennett (which was performed for the first time), must not be judged as an "overture," the short introduction in B flat major, leading to the *Allegro* in the tonic minor, being evidently intended to suggest the character of the important illustrative music which is to follow. The subjects of the Prelude are extremely attractive, and there is so much variety of color in the instrumentation as to invest this brief Prelude with the utmost interest. Mr. Charles Hallé's performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor was by no means beyond reproach. In many parts the passages were dragged, and in the last movement the tempo was positively altered. The applause, however, was loud and enthusiastic, and a recall at the conclusion of the Concerto showed that our opinion was not shared by the general audience. Mme. Parepa's fine singing of Beethoven's "Ah perfido" was fully appreciated, as was also Mr. Santley's artistic delivery of Rossini's "Alle voci della gloria." Beethoven's Symphony in C minor was included in the programme, and after Weber's "Jubilee" overture, which concluded the concert, Mr. Cusins, the conductor, was called forward to receive the well earned applause of the audience.

ROYAL ACADEMY. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Gladstone distributed the prizes to the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. Professor Sir Sterndale Bennett, with several of the Philharmonic directors, was present, and Mr. Hullah conducted the concert. We have no space to print the entire list, which is a very long one. The silver medals were gained by Miss Florence Green and Miss Channell (pianoforte); Miss G. Mayfield (singing); Miss Rhoda E. Barkley, Mr. J. Ridgway (composition and pianoforte); Mr. W. Fitton (pianoforte and organ); Mr. Eaton Fanning (general progress); and Mr. Henry Guy (singing). The bronze medallists were Misses Holmes, Martin, Troup, Firth Moultrie (organ) Mr. Howells, and Master H. Walker. Miss Baglehole carried off the "Sterndale-Bennett" prize of ten guineas; and Mr. E. Jones, the prize violin bow. Books and letters of commendation were awarded to many other pupils.

The concert lasted nearly five hours; it ought to be divided into two, as at the London Academy. Mr. Wingham produced a new and brilliant "Festal over-

ture" (in commemoration of the Academy's jubilee), which was signally successful. His symphony, performed at the Crystal Palace last March, has been highly extolled. Mr. Fanning's symphony (first movement) lacks originality of style and continuity of thought; we do not wish to discourage, but we would advise him to study severely. Mr. Henry Guy's Anthem (Psalm C.) is characterized by breadth, boldness, and purpose; the construction is excellent, and the execution by the pupils was most satisfactory. The sacred "part-song" of Mr. Roberts, a medley of the German and English styles, would be improved by greater conciseness; the parts, however, are well written, and the writing may be conscientiously commended. The pianoforte pupils who performed on Monday were Misses Holmes, Channell, Florence Green, Conolly, Baglehole, and Chapman, Mr. Fitton and Master Walker. Miss Channell chose the first movement of Schumann's concerto (A minor), and Miss Baglehole Mendelssohn's Serenade and *Allegro Gioioso*, in D, both distinguishing themselves by brilliant execution and intelligent conception of the subject, and attention to nuances.

These ladies had already honors at the Academy. Miss F. Green has an elastic touch. Miss Whomes excels less in cantabile than in bravura passages, whilst her style is rather wanting in expression, and more "taught" than free and spontaneous, leaves room for improvement. Mr. Fitton's firm organ touch disqualifies him from doing justice to the delicate music of Chopin. He played on the pianoforte, and in awkward succession, a fugue of Handel and a study of Chopin. His organ piece was Mendelssohn's first concerto in F minor. Mr. Howard gave a creditable reading of Beethoven's violin concerto (first movement only); his tone in the upper register was remarkably fine and his delivery expressive. The most successful vocal achievement was the scena, "Ah perfido," of Beethoven, admirably rendered by Miss Jessie Jones, and with more eloquence and genuine pathos than we could have expected from an inexperienced and bashful girl. Miss Goode sang the air "Jerusalem," from *St. Paul*, and Mr. Pope, a sonorous basso, delivered the air of Sarastro (with chorus) "Passenti Numi," with great effect, taking the low E flat at the close. The tenor singer, Mr. Howells (Potter Exhibitioner), has excellent taste, but not a pleasing quality of voice. And now, with all respect, we really must come to a perfect cadence. We have had quite a surfeit. The Report read by Sir S. Bennett, in every respect satisfactory, testifies to the progress of the pupils and the increase of their numbers.—*Mus. Standard*, July 27.

THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL is fixed to take place on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th September, under the patronage, as usual, of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, in the Cathedral. The principal vocal performers are Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Lemmens Sherrington, Mdlle. Patey, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Rigby, Mr. Santley, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Dr. Wesley will take the organ, Mr. Townshend Smith the piano, and Mr. Done will officiate as conductor. The band and chorus will number nearly 350 performers. On Tuesday will be performed Mendelssohn's "Elijah," on Wednesday morning selections from "Samson," Hummel's "Messe Solennelle," and Haydn's "Creation;" on Thursday morning Sebastian Bach's "Passion," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise;" on Friday the "Messiah." On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings there will be grand miscellaneous concerts in the College Hall; prominence being given on the first evening to Mozart, on the second to Handel, and on Thursday to Beethoven.

THE SEVENTEENTH NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL commences on Monday, 16th September, at St. Andrew's Hall. The principal vocalists are Mdlle. Titiens and Mdlle. Albani, Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Madame Patey, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Messrs. Sims Reeves, W. H. Cummings, Kerr Gedge, J. G. Patey, and Santley. Conductor, Sir Julius Benedict. The sacred personages will include Mendelssohn's "Elijah," A. S. Sullivan's "Festival Te Deum," Haydn's "Creation," Sir Julius Benedict's "St. Peter," and Handel's "Messiah."

VIENNA. The Society of the Friends of Music have appointed Herr Brahms to direct their concerts next season, and have already fixed on their programme. Among the more important works figure Handel's *Samson*, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*, two Cantatas by J. S. Bach, and Cherubini's *Requiem*. As our readers may be aware, a committee has been formed for the purpose of erecting a monument to Beethoven. The members are devoting their best energies to their self-imposed task. They have already succeeded in obtaining a site from the Board charged with the extension of

the city. This site is the ground laid out as a garden in front of the Academic Gymnasium. It is particularly well adapted for the purpose, because the monument to be erected on it will form as it were, a link between the principal buildings of the capital and the recently inaugurated Schubert Memorial. The project, by the realization of which Vienna will pay off a debt of honor it owes the master, is now fairly launched. At present the committee are limited for funds, but they will no doubt soon be in a position to advertise for designs, and Germany will assuredly come forward liberally with subscriptions, so as to enable the committee to carry out, in a manner becoming the great master, the design eventually selected.

CONSTANTINOPLE. A great many papers have lately published a paragraph to the effect that a Turk, Hassim Pacha, has composed an opera, *Mahomet and his Creditors*, to a Turkish libretto, for the Turkish Theatre. It now appears that the pacha is an Italian composer of the name of Della Viola, who, some years ago, entered the Turkish army, where he rose to his present dignity without, however, renouncing music as he renounced his name.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 24, 1872.

The Coming Musical Season.

The prospect is beginning to unfold itself as richly and as temptingly as ever. At all events there will be no lack of quantity. Singers and instrumental virtuosos from abroad look this way for renewal of their golden fortunes, and if we might trust newspaper paragraphs, nearly all the famous artists in Europe would seem to be booked already for America. Doubtless much of this is merely speculation, turning of a thing over in the mind and talking about it, throwing out feelers through the advertising correspondents, and so forth; there is a difference between merely thinking of a thing and doing it. Doubtless every musical soldier of fortune in Europe has thought and perhaps talked, during the summer, of coming over to take a turn here in the land of "Jubilee," meanly as he may think of the gross musical atmosphere in which such monsters fatten. (Thank Heaven! with the last and biggest the brood does seem to have become extinct). Many distinguished artists, however, really are coming. Many new and interesting combinations are forming, while in spite of all the novelties and the distractions, all the excitements artificially worked up by sensation mongers, all the sense of dissipation after "big things," the steadily growing healthy taste for good sound musical enjoyment will still have its regular supplies of Symphony and Oratorio and classical chamber music. Indeed a healthy reaction in favor of quiet, reasonable concerts, in which quality is of more account than quantity, will be sure to show itself after this last, even more than it did after the former Jubilee.—The winter's programme cannot be given yet with much completeness; but of such features as appear to be determined we may name the most important.

In Opera we lose some stars and gain others. Nilsson is now Madame Rouvand and not for us at present. Parepa-Rosa, too, will not return this year; after a triumphant reappearance in London, she is last reported to have declined handsome offers at St. Petersburg and Moscow, in favor of the Viceroys's new and sumptuous opera house at Cairo. "New fields and pastures green." On the other hand we are to have Pauline Lucca, the bewitching. The indomitable Maretzek has secured her, and for two other prima donna sopranos, Miss Kellozz, who has been turning the heads of the London Opera goers in a marvellous way this summer, and who, according to London musical papers, is coming to "create" Gounod's *Mireille* at the New York Academy, and Mlle. Rosine Leville (or Laveille) from the Grand Opera, Paris. For contraltos are named Senora

Sanz, Mlle. Emma Ferretti and Mina Cooney; for first tenors Sig. Vizzani, and Sig. Abrugnedo, tenor robusto, from Naples and Milan, where he was called "the Wachtel of Italy;" second tenor, Sig. Manresa. Baritone, Moriani, Sparrapani, and the veteran Ronconi for buffo. Bussos, Jamet, late of the Nilsson troupe and Coulon. As conductors, Maretzek, Carl Bergmann and Karlberg will, it is said, officiate. The season begins in New York on the 30th of September with *L'Africaine*, and lasts till the 12th of December. On the 16th, they will open in Philadelphia. Our turn at the Boston Theatre will begin Jan. 6. The repertoire is not divulged, but we fear may be too easily guessed.—The excellent Parepa-Rosa English Opera will be missed; nor do we hear of anything important in the way of German Opera. Opera Bouffe, of course, will have its haunts.

The earliest important attraction (yet made public) at the Boston Music Hall, will be a series of concerts by the famous Russian composer and pianist, Anton Rubinstein, who will make his debut in New York on the 23d of September, and after a few concerts there will come to Boston. Manager Grau brings him out, together with the celebrated violinist Wieniawski, and the singers Mlle. Liebhart, soprano, and Mlle. Orgenyi, contralto.

Mme. Rudersdorff's concert troupe is nearly organized, and doubtless will be early in the field, attracting much attention both in Boston and the other musical places. Among others she will introduce to us the young lady violinist, Fräulein Therese Liebe, who has made a fine mark in England, whither Rossini sent her with a warm letter of commendation to Sir Julius Benedict (we have seen the letter), and Miss Alice Fairman, a young English singer, one of the genuine contraltos, engaged to sing at the Worcester Festival in September. Mme. R. has also secured the services of Mr. Rudolphsen, our excellent baritone, and as pianist both in solo and accompaniment, Mr. G. W. Sumner, the distinguished pupil of Mr. B. J. Lang. Mme. Rudolphsen will also be prepared to sing herself, and furnish other soloists, in Oratorio performances.

What we shall have in the way of Oratorio is not yet declared. Surely we may look to the Handel and Haydn Society for a complete performance of the "Israel in Egypt" in the right place, the Music Hall, after such earnest study as they made of it for the wrong place, the Coliseum. And we would fain trust that the old Society has still upon its heart and conscience the Bach Passion Music, not feeling much rewarded by its recent Jubilee experiences, for which the Passion Music, in the full tide of eager and most interesting rehearsal, was put aside so summarily last Spring. But there is spirit enough in the Society, we know, to give us some grand Oratorios, grandly rendered, and with far more inspiring effect than any Gilmore chorus of twenty or a hundred thousand voices could by any possibility produce.

The Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association will be ten in number, as usual, on Thursday afternoons, from three to five o'clock, and on the following dates: November 7 and 21; December 5 and 26; January 9; February 6 and 27; March 13 and 27; April 10. Carl Zerrahn will still conduct and Julius Eichberg will be at the head of the violins. The orchestra and programmes will be composed with great care and kept fully up to the standard of past years; indeed there is every reason to hope that the eighth season of these concerts will more than confirm the favor with which they have always been regarded. The series of programmes is not yet ready for announcement. Besides a few of the solo artists, among whom we may name Mme. Rudersdorff, Fräulein Therese Liebe, the young violinist, Miss Alice Fairman, contralto singer, and the ever welcome pianist, Miss Anna Mehlig, we can only speak of the list of Symphonies as yet determined, namely: of Beethoven, No. 1, in C (first time in these concerts); No. 7 and No. 8; of Haydn, No. 1, in E flat and the "Surprise" (both for the first time); of Mozart, the beautiful one in C (not the "Jupiter") given last year, and the still lovelier one in E flat; the great

one in C by Schubert; Schumann in D minor (No. 4); the "Ocean" Symphony by Rubinstein (first time), and one more, which will be either a new one by Gade, or the "Italian" by Mendelssohn, or the "Cologne," in E flat, by Schumann. Of course there will be the usual amount of the best Overtures, Suites, Concertos for the piano and other instruments, &c., &c.

Theodore Thomas, with his admirable orchestra, will soon set out again upon his "missionary" circuit through the States, after a whole summer of delightful garden concerts, in which New York rejoices nightly, and for the like of which Boston, parched up by Jubilee, longed in vain. To Thomas we look especially for specimens of the new orchestral music, doing the work of general *taster* for us with a range which we can scarce afford ourselves. For the first time he will introduce the vocal element into his concerts, having secured for the whole season our highly cultivated and most tasteful tenor singer, Mr. George L. Osgood. Certainly it will add a new charm to the choice feasts of instrumental music, to hear also the noble arias of Handel, Mozart, Gluck, &c., with such fine orchestral accompaniment, as well as a large store of the best songs by Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Robert Franz, from one who ranks among their best interpreters. The first set of Thomas concerts in the Boston Music Hall will begin Nov. 30, and continue every evening for a week, with one or two matinees besides.

In the form of matinees and soirées of classical chamber music in small, cosy halls, there is promise of abundance. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club are to remain at home, concentrating their efforts, with those of other prominent musicians and teachers, upon their new educational establishment, or "College" of Music, which will be found described below. But not the least part of the education flowing from that spring, we trust, will come in the shape of frequent hearings given by them of the sterling Quartets, Quintets, Trios, &c., of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, and the rest,—the quintessence of pure instrumental music,—that kind of musical enjoyment of which they were our chief providers for so many years, and which we have greatly missed for several winters past, while they have been travelling in the West. The composition of the Club is changed somewhat; Mr. Wulf Fries has withdrawn, and his genial presence, his refined and soulful art, will be a serious loss. His place, however, will be well supplied by Mr. Hennig, from Philadelphia, who has had the reputation of being the best violoncellist in the country. Meanwhile Mr. Fries is not lost to Boston; he will remain here, only preferring a more quiet, individual sphere, and doubtless he will often cooperate in choice Trios, &c., with artists like Mr. Dresel (who has happily returned to us), Mr. Leonhard, Mr. Eichberg, Mr. Kreissmann, Lang, Parker, Perabo, and others, whose presence among us is guaranty enough for quantity and quality of all sorts of choice artistic musical reunions.—More, and more particular, hereafter.

Of Organ Music, the great Walcker Organ of the Music Hall will probably furnish regular and more copious supplies than ever. Indeed that well-spring, in a quiet, shady way, is open even now, throughout the summer. Mr. Dudley Buck, who has been appointed to the important office of Organist to the Music Hall Association, plays every Wednesday and Saturday noon, and for an hour on Sunday evening, before small audiences of strangers visiting our city, with a sprinkling of our own music loving stay-at-home population. He always performs at least one good Prelude and Fugue by Bach, with a large variety of arranged pieces, variations, and improvisations well calculated to unfold the manifold resources of the instrument to curious listeners. Mr. Buck is admirably qualified for the task; and it is quite time that so noble and so delicate an instrument should be under the charge of some one responsible person, so that it may receive fair and consistent treatment. We do not understand that Mr. Buck's appointment means a monopoly on his part of the Great Organ opportunities; it will not exclude other worthy masters of the organ and interpreters of organ music; nor shall we be denied the privilege of hearing Mr. Paine, or Mr. Lang, or Mr. Thayer, or any who are competent. All the more likely shall we be to hear them, now that there is one responsible head, an organized appreciative administration.

For want of such care, on the part of one responsible person, the great instrument had become quite out of order, "demoralized" in fact. Mr. Buck is thoroughly at home in all things relating to the mechanical structure of the organ, and probably no fitter person could be found to undertake the delicate and difficult trust of keeping such a work in proper working order. The Hall itself is just now undergoing internal renovation, repainting of the walls,

&c. When this is finished, the organ will be taken in hand and restored to its normal condition. Meanwhile, of course, the organ "noonings" and evenings are given at disadvantage, the organist being greatly limited in his command of means.—We trust, also, that Mr. Thayer intends to resume his autumn and spring courses of organ concerts on that other beautiful Walcker Organ in the First Church. His programmes were always very choice,—indeed almost entirely classical and full of Bach,—and open to all lovers without money and without price.

THE NATIONAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, soon to begin its labors at the Tremont Temple, is likely to attract earnest students from all parts of the country; for the reputation of its founders, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, is truly "national," and has always reflected credit on Boston, the home of its birth, and our whole country, as an undoubted artistic organization which has steadily gone on in a true path for twenty-three years. This little band of artists are still active and vigorous; mellowed as they are by an experience which now admirably fits them for just such an institution as the one they are starting. They are safe guides for those desiring a musical education, and students who will follow where they lead, will come out creditably. As an earnest of good intentions, the Club will have as assistant teachers in the various branches, men of high reputation. The piano department will be under Mr. B. J. Lang, who will carry out his admirable system of study, the fruits of which are seen in the persons of such artists as Meers, Sumner, Tucker, Aphorpe, Dixie and others; all young men, thoroughly trained in his school, and who with Mr. Lang will work effectively together. The vocal department will be in charge of Mr. Vincenzo Cirillo, an artist-teacher of wide reputation, who comes here from the Royal College of Music in Naples, endorsed by some of the leading musicians in Europe, as a teacher of the best Italian school. Mr. Howard Tucknor, a gentleman well known in Boston as a connoisseur in the art, a *ya* of Mr. Cirillo: "He is, upon the whole, the best vocal teacher I have ever met, and he is the man of men whom I would like to bestow on Boston. I have said to myself a hundred times, that if I had the power I would send him there, to save and to develop the fine young voices which are left to go to waste, or to be ruined by the vocal school of indifferent modelers. If he could work in Boston for one year, I'll stake all my critical reputation that even the unskilful in such matters will recognize his rare merits. You know how assiduously I devoted myself during my eight years of journalism to supporting the development of good taste and good school of music, and you may be sure that I have dwelt upon the proposition *con amore*, and in the desire to procure for our artistic Boston, what in my day it has never had, a real education at first hand in vocal training. I have no intention of undervaluing what is done by good pupils of good masters, but I have always longed to see the good master himself among us." With such a thoroughly equipped college of music in Boston, which city also offers abundant resources for all general culture, no one need now feel the necessity of going abroad to get a good musical education.—*Boston Post*.

MUSICAL EDUCATION OF THE BLIND. It may be remembered that about three years ago the Harvard Musical Association gave an extra Symphony Concert "In aid of the Musical Education of the Blind,"—the practical intention being to eke out the means for enabling Mr. CAMPBELL, then the efficient teacher at the Institution in South Boston, himself blind, and standing at the head of such instruction in this country, to visit Europe. That the effort has borne fruit, if not in this locality, in England, will be seen by the following paragraph from the *Traveler* of Wednesday:

Mr. F. J. Campbell, late instructor of music in the Perkins Institution for the Blind, having witnessed the inferiority of the instruction which the blind children receive in Great Britain, set himself energetically to work to remedy in some measure the condition of the education of the Blind in that country. Although many institutions for the education of the blind have been established throughout Great Britain, and although instruction in music has been made a specialty, it is estimated that but one per cent of their graduates have been able to support themselves by the practice of the profession of music. In France and America, however, many blind men have been enabled to support themselves well by music, and have often risen to a high standing in their profession. After calling the attention of the British public to the inferiority of the system of instruction of the blind generally, and particularly in music, pursued in England to that of France and America, he received the hearty support and most cordial sympathy from many influential persons who are interested in the education of the blind, and was enabled to establish "The Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind," which has met with the highest commendation and the most gratifying success. He writes to us under the date of the 31 of August, informing us that his corps of assistants were all Americans, and that he had been assured that the introduction of the American system of education must revolutionize the education of the blind throughout the kingdom.

The Death of Dr. Lowell Mason.

Dr. Lowell Mason, Sr., well known to the American musical public as a composer, died at his residence in Orange, New Jersey, on Sunday the 11th inst., at the age of eighty-one years. He was born in the village of Medfield, Massachusetts, January 8, 1792. From his earliest childhood he exhibited the greatest taste for music, as well as extraordinary talent in that direction, becoming a teacher when a mere youth. He removed to Savannah, Georgia, in 1812, where he continued to reside for fifteen years. He first attracted public notice in 1821, by the publication of his celebrated work, "Boston Handel and Haydn Collection of Church Music," which met with great success. His Boston friends, as a consequence, were

desirous that he should return to his native State. He continued to reside in Savannah, however, until 1827, when he took up his residence in Boston, where he devoted himself to his favorite profession, and was instrumental in introducing vocal music into the schools of Boston and throughout New England. It was mainly through his efforts that the Boston Academy of Music was established. In 1828 his attention was called to the Pestalozzian method of teaching, which, after a thorough test, he adopted. In 1837 he went to Europe and travelled extensively, familiarizing himself with all the improvements in musical teachings and other matters pertaining to its study.

The University of New York conferred the degree of Doctor of Music on Dr. Mason in 1855, being the first musical degree ever conferred by an American college. Dr. Mason was the author and compiler of a greater number of musical works than any other American author, and some of the most popular of our modern hymns are from his pen. He devoted especial attention of late years to the subject of congregational singing in churches. He had been a resident of Orange for a number of years.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Lowell Mason.

We announced, yesterday, the death of a man who has, during a long life, exercised an extraordinary influence upon the educational interests of New England, and of the country at large. For forty-five years, Mr. Mason has been the head and front of popular music education in this country, and he has lived long enough to see the complete triumph of his life-long labors, culminating in the Jubilee chorus, which would have been an impossibility anywhere out of New England, and was only possible there because Lowell Mason has filled that section of the country with church choirs and singing schools, and supplied them with a musical literature adapted to their special capacity and wants. One generation after another of the sons and daughters of New England have learned to read and sing the music that he has composed and printed, and his name has come down from father to son, from mother to daughter, as the chief apostle of a popular system of a branch of education, always neglected at first in new countries, but which is inseparable, in this day, from any general popular culture.

More than thirty years have passed away since the method of Pestalozzi, adopted and taught by Lowell Mason in Boston, and circulated throughout the country by means of his most wide spread collections of sacred music, "The Boston Academy Collection," and the "Carmina Sacra," has been taught in the thousands of country choirs and singing schools of America. And it may safely be asserted that Lowell Mason has been directly instrumental in teaching the rudiments of vocal music to a greater number of the people of America than have been taught in the same period through all other agencies combined.

His personal contributions to sacred music, principally in the form of hymn tunes, were very numerous, and have, in nearly every instance, enjoyed an enduring popularity. There is scarcely a collection of church music now in use either in this country or England, in which the compositions of Lowell Mason are not to be found, remarkable not only for their quiet simplicity and natural melody, but retaining a hold upon the religious world which is rarely achieved by the productions of any other modern composer.

Lowell Mason based his educational work upon the axiom that everybody, young or old, possessed of the ordinary faculty of speech, can be taught to sing. And he frequently pressed this proposition in public lectures with an enthusiastic dogmatism that carried great general conviction with it, that when he would call upon a miscellaneous audience to confirm his theory by uniting in some familiar strain of sacred music, such as the "Old Hundred," every man, woman and child would be seen at least trying to take a part.

As we have already said, all that New England has accomplished in choral music goes back for its origin to the earlier labors of Lowell Mason. He was the founder of a school, held little in esteem among the professors and students of the Italian and German methods. But it is a school that has filled New England with the singers that piled the Coliseum with the most wonderful chorus the world has ever seen; and it has laid, in thousands and tens of thousands, the foundations of a musical knowledge that has grown up to embrace an appreciation of all that is good and noble and elevating in the music of the Old World.

Lowell Mason has lived to see more fruit grown to maturity than falls to the lot of most workers in the fields of human education, and he dies, leaving an enduring monument behind him. He has taught the people their sacred songs, whoever else may have made their laws.—*Phila. Bulletin, Aug. 13.*

In Memoriam.

THE LATE MR. W. H. W. DARLEY.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

In the death of W. H. W. Darley, which took place on Wednesday, July 31st., almost the last link is severed between the old and new schools of music in our city. They were a body of earnest, thoughtful men, those few professors, Carr, Cross, Standbridge, Darley, and Meignen (who alone survives) and they, with their influence and the support of friends and enthusiastic pupils, were forward in all the good works in behalf of music and musicians. They founded societies, built up music halls, introduced to our fathers all the best music existing, oratorios, symphonies, concertos, urged on the opera; composed, adapted and arranged indefatigably; gave instructions in the art and science of music, and devoted especial care to the organ and the service of the church. W. H. W. Darley was with them, heart and soul, from the first. Born September 9th, 1801, in New York, he came to Philadelphia when very young, and studied music with old Benjamin Carr, an English composer, who had made his home here. Together they labored to introduce a better taste in music, and by their exertions was first produced in this country, at the old Chestnut Street Theatre, von Weber's opera of *Der Freyschütz*. It must have been a crude performance, very little like the subsequent representations of the same work. No orchestral score could be obtained, and Carr and Darley arranged the whole work for the instruments from a piano-forte edition. The chorus was composed entirely of ladies and gentlemen who could not be induced to appear before the public, and who, therefore, stood in the wings to sing, while ordinary supernumeraries silently occupied the stage.

In the foundation of the Musical Fund Society Mr. Darley was an honest worker, and for very many years took a prominent part in its direction. His father-in-law, the veteran artist Mr. Thomas Sully, is still one of the Vice Presidents of the institution.

In later years Mr. Darley was an originator of the Harmonic Sacred Music Society, and remained its President during its brilliant career. Subsequently he was an officer of the Mendelssohn Union. But to the general public he was best known as an organist, and as the joint editor, with J. C. B. Standbridge, of several church music books, especially the *Cantus Ecclesiae*, a work that has been considered a standard for nearly a quarter of a century. When quite a youth Mr. Darley evinced noticeable talent for musical extemporization; he was gifted with a graceful flow of melody, and although he composed many instrumental overtures and took many prizes for Glee and Four-Part Songs, his particular inclination was for the music of the Church. The organ especially attracted his attention, as it contained the variety of tone and power suitable for the expression of his melodic inspirations. When St. Stephen's Church, Tenth street, was built, he was chosen organist, and remained there eighteen or nineteen years, holding, during part of the same period, the position of organist at Dr. Farness's Church. At St. Stephen's he developed his peculiar gift of extemporization, and was, at that time, considered the most original and brilliant performer in the city. His local reputation became very flattering, and when St. Luke's Church was built, it was made a point to secure his services, and the Messrs. Hook, of Boston, built expressly for him what was then the largest organ in Philadelphia. For thirty-two years Mr. Darley was organist of St. Luke's Church, commanding to the last the respect and admiration of his many friends among the clergy and congregation. The number of musical works he composed during these years is countless. Anthems, tunes, elaborate Te Deums and service music generally fell in profusion from his pen. He rarely published; occasionally a Christmas or Easter anthem would be coaxed from him by some friendly publisher, but he did not seem to wish that his manuscripts should become common property, preferring to confine their use to his own choir and that of his son. They all bear a strong melodic character, and are marked by a slight quaintness, showing that their composer studied in the older schools.

Since January Mr. Darley has been a great sufferer, only occasionally being able to drive to St. Luke's and occupy his accustomed place. The intense heat of July further prostrated a constitution already shaken by an extremely painful disease, and after four weeks of agonizing suffering, he expired on Wednesday afternoon, in the 71st year of his age. A disposition remarkably amiable, equable and kind, endeared him to a large circle of friends, who will sincerely sympathize with those he has left behind him, and he will be a serious loss to the Church where he has so long and so honorably officiated.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Dream, Baby, dream! 4. Eb to f. Gabriel. 30

The stars are glowing.
Hear'st thou the stream? 'Tis softly flowing.
A cradle song, but not a lullaby. The finely finished music blends well with Barry Cornwall's words.

Farewell! In After Years of Bliss. 4. F to d. Deems. 30

When other tongues shall whisper love,
And other fingers twine thee, boys.
A very good, rich melody, and cannot fail to be effective in public singing.

White Daisy. 3. Eb to e. Molloy. 30

She needs no diadem
Because her golden hair
Is so surpassing fair.
No crown can match its lustre fine.
The words, by Thomas Hood, perfectly overflow with sweetness, and the ballad, altogether, is one of the sweetest of songs.

Pretty Wild-wood Flowers. Song and Chorus. Shattuck. 30

3. C to f.
Full of joy and grace,
Darlings of the grove.

Words by Geo. Cooper.
Come back to Erin. Arranged for Guitar. 3. C to e. Claribel. 30

Come with the shamrocks and spring-time,
Mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
Well known, graceful favorite. Arranged for Guitar.

I'd be a Star. Song and Chorus. 3. Ab to f. Murray. 30

I'd be a star to light thy way
When other lights grow pale.
Very meritorious. Will be sung more than once if "tried over" by a quartette and solo.

Darling little dainty Nell. 3. C to e. Norman. 30

If I could to thy footsteps make
This world a flow'ry dell.
The invention of a good title in composing a song is half the battle. The taking title is not more pretty than the song, which is well written and melodious.

Instrumental.

Mazourka Galante. Fragment de Salon. 4. Ab. Kring. 50

Changes to the keys of 3 and of 5 flats and returns, and is a very graceful combination of "fragments," each of which has its own melody.

Jolly Brothers Waltz. 3. Cummings. 30

A little set of waltzes in five divisions, each short, crisp and bright, their quick succession keeping up one's interest to the end. The melodies on which these waltzes are founded are already well known and are favorites.

Lovely Vienna Waltzes. 3. Strauss. 75

Musicians are now renewing their acquaintance with Strauss, music being aided in its interpretation by the examples of fine playing given under the direction of the composer.

Bürgersinn Waltzes. 4. Strauss. 75

"Bürgersinn" means "The People's Mind," which will be soon made up as to the superior merits of this collection of waltzes, each one characteristic, and the 10 pages of music furnishing a great variety.

New Annen Polka. As performed at the Boston Coliseum. 2. D. Strauss. 30

Perhaps a little difficult for the 2 mark, but rather easy for 3, and is worthy of notice as one of the composer's earnest pieces, and is also very pretty.

Circassian March. As performed in Boston and New York under the direction of the composer. 3. E minor. Strauss. 40

One of those pieces that represent the advance and retreat of a Military Band, but is not like any other of the kind,—having great variety, and a "minor" character. There is, of course, a long crescendo and equally long diminuendo.

Tritsch-Tratsch Polka. As performed at Boston and New York under the direction of the composer. 4. A. Strauss. 40

Nobody ever heard such a name before; but Tritsch-Tratsch very perfectly describes the movement, which has a queer frisky twitching leap. Very lively, of course.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, E flat, &c. a small roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

